

The World's A Crazy Place

by Nussy

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1. The World's A Crazy Place 1

Title: THE WORLD'S A CRAZY PLACE (1/2)
>Authors: Nussy & Cirglas
Classification: V R A
>Rating: PG
Disclaimer: They are not ours. They belong to 10-13
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don't sue us...
>Feedback: please review!
Spoilers: Pilot, Tooms
>Keywords: MulderScully Romance , Scully POV
>Summary: Scully reflects on her change of feelings for
Mulder

>Post: Wherever (But please tell us where you're gonna post
it.)

****THE WORLD'S A CRAZY PLACE (1/2)****
>by Nussy & Cirglas
Scully's personal journal

"Life would have been so easy without him."

This is what I tell myself. But as a matter of fact,
>my life would have missed a lot. And even though
nobody would believe me if I told my story to them, it
>IS the truth.<p>

The Truth. Something I've heard about in numerous
>versions. Something I've reached for but which has
elapsed me more times than I want to think. Something
>I have searched for many years now. A search Mulder
taught

me.

Mulder. Another name that comes to my attention rather
>frequently nowadays. But Mulder and the truth belong
together.
They are one. So why wonder about the
>combination of both in my thought process?<p>

So why am I so frightened of the truth about Mulder?
>Or, to put it better, my true feelings about Mulder?<p>

Yes, this has been a big problem for quite a while
>now. My feelings. And I notice that it has a little
less to do
with Mulder and a little more to do with
>me. I am not in control of my feelings anymore.<p>

Oh, I know. 'Control freak'. That's what he calls me
>sometimes. But I need to have some control in my life. With
my
kind of job there is so much out of my control already.

That's why I try to keep in control of those things that I
>can, especially family and other relationships. One
relationship
that I used to be able to manage is my
>relationship to Mulder. But lately is getting harder and
harder
to resist him: his friendliness, his comfort, his
>love. Yes, I know he loves me. I am not blind. But I am
careful.
I know the risks.
>And there is just too much on the line.<p>

Is there?

"I wouldn't put myself on the line for anybody but you."

Words to live by, I'd say. Words I've LIVED by.
>See, it's getting harder and harder to find reasons why
we
shouldn't pursue this thing between us. There is so much

>we've gone through together, so much history between us
which
connects us in an almost unnatural way.

Especially considering that we are such immense opposites.

It's strange that we have become such good friends. And on
>the other hand again, it's not.<p>

Yes, I admit it, I was sent to spy on him. I was there to
>debunk his work, to uncover it as the illegitimate work they,
and
I, in my careless disregard, thought it was.
>But, needless to say, I don't do those kind of things. Go in
and
destroy somebody's life work. Nope, not me. I go in and
>fall in love with the person I'm supposed to spy on.<p>

Yeah, Dana Scully, the control freak simply fell in love. The

>control went right out the window. But what chance do you
have to
resist, when you meet your soul mate? When your soul
>mate needs you? When he falls in love with you? When you're
the
only one he has to watch out for him?

Imagine my surprise. Spooky Mulder cares for the Ice Queen.

>Imagine THEIR surprise. I care for HIM. Wow, I don't want to
be
in Their place right now; their plan obviously backfired.
>They'll have to think of a different way to get rid of him
--
us.

Oh, Mulder was weird. I mean, he was a little like the crazy

>professor in all those old horror movies. But I
realized
something early on in our partnership: Mulder wants to
right
>all wrongs. Deep down in his heart he is the most selfless
person
I have ever come to know.

When he told me about his sister, that was when I knew I had
>to protect him from further harm. You see, he feels too much.
He
is a sensitive, emotional, sweet person who desperately
>wants to save his baby sister. What could be wrong with that?<p>

So here I am, sitting and thinking about Mulder, although I
>swore I would spend a nice evening without thinking about
him.
Well, my own rules have been bent since the day I met
>him, just like the official FBI rules. My life isn't what it
used
to be anymore.

But I would never ever tell him that. He'd feel guilty
>again. Just like about everything else that happens in the
whole
wide world. But I won't let him. Unh-unh. I won't feed
>him anymore bullets to fire on himself. That is another one
of my
goals in this life. Make Mulder see that not everything
>is his fault. But there isn't much of a chance I will
succeed.
He'll just keep on brooding on the fact that
>everybody is suffering because of him.<p>

He even has this protective streak that originates from his
>guilt lately that makes me want to shake him and yell:
"Geez,
Mulder, get a grip. Other people have minds of their own.

>They do all the bad stuff. Not you!"<p>

But would he listen? No way.

When a case goes utterly wrong he is overly nice to me. Asks
>if he can bring me anything, if he can do anything for me.
As if
he were responsible or something!!

He doesn't see that I can take care of myself. That I don't
>want him pampering me like that. And lately he just ignores
my
attempt to calm him. I tell him I'm fine but he doesn't
>mind his own business.<p>

Another bad habit of his is that he takes everything so

>personally. Sometimes, when we're both angry and tired I have
to
really watch what I say, because I know he'll be greatly
>hurt from what I'm about to say.<p>

Oh, yes our fights can be really nasty. I'm glad that most of
>the times it's so late in the evening that the Hoover
Building is
almost empty, I'm sure they'd think we lost it if
>they overheard us once... gosh the things we argue

about...
chromosomes, DNA, astronomy and philosophic problems all
>mixed together into a jumble that only we understand.<p>

I just read this last page again and deeply regret being so
>easy to distract. Instead of writing what I wanted, I let
myself
be carried away with ridicule, and let myself get
>frustrated about Mulder. I'm sorry. Actually I had
something
completely different in mind.

I had wanted to say that I enjoy working with him, enjoy
>being close. He's got a witty mind and great instincts and a
way
to deduct an occurrence based on so little facts and
>evidence that I could scream... whoops, here we go again.<p>

The thing is, I know I'm not really mad at him. I'm not even

>really frustrated about Mulder, I'm frustrated because I
haven't
had the courage to tell him about my feelings for
>him.<p>

So what if I'm a coward?

Dana, will you ever learn? Stop running from your feelings
>for him. It won't do anybody any good. It's not his fault you
are
such complete opposites, right?
>You two will just have to overcome that little problem and
make
up for it... and oh, will he make up for it...

I think it's time to pursue those feelings of yours. Come on,
>call him... Ask him over for a cup of coffee...<p>

Ask him over to stay the
night.

End of part one. We'll try to post part two soon (No, I don't
>know how soon)<p>

Thanx for reading and please tell us what you
think!

--- SAVE THE BEST FOR LAST

VANESSA WILLIAMS

Sometimes the snow comes down in June;
>Sometimes the sun goes 'round the moon.
I see the passion in your
eyes;
>Sometimes it's all a big surprise.<p>

'Cause there was a time when all I did was wish
>You'd tell me this was love.
It's not the way I hoped or how I
planned,
>But somehow it's enough.<p>

But not we're standing face-to-face.

>Isn't this world a crazy place?
Just when I thought our chance
had passed,
>You go and save the best for last.<p>

2. The World's A Crazy Place 2

Title: THE WORLD'S A CRAZY PLACE (2/2)

>Authors: Nessay & Cirglas
Classification: V R A H

>Rating: PG-13 (A few swear words-you know how Mulder is g

)
Disclaimer: They are not ours. They belong to 10-13

>productions and Chris Carter.
Spoilers: Abduction Arc, Memento
Mori, Emily, Small

>Potatoes...
Keywords: Mulder/Scully Romance

>Summary: Mulder reflects on his feelings for Scully
Post:

Gossamer and EP is fine, anywhere else, please tell us

>where you're gonna post it - we want to come visit

:))<p>-----

****THE WORLD'S A CRAZY PLACE (2/2)****

>by Nessay & Cirglas
Mulder's apartment

I just don't know what to do about her. She monopolizes my

>thoughts and I can't seem to do anything about it.<p>

Here I am, lying on my couch on a Saturday evening, having

>nothing better to do than pondering my relationship with my
work
partner, Dana Scully.

It's not that I have just recently developed unpartner-like

>feelings. I've had them all along.<p>

First it was more her intriguing personality and my own

>curiosity combined with a touch of mysterious attraction
that
spiked my interest in her.

Over the years it grew into much more. It turned into trust,

>companionship, friendship and something else that I'm not
really
quite ready to discuss right now.

Anyways, Scully has without doubt become the most important
>person in my life.<p>

The problem is, I don't know how to tell her.

Or do I even want her to know?

It would be better for our work relationship if she never

>knew I lo-- never knew how much I care for her. It would
be
better for her, too.

Because of me she has suffered things no human should have to

>suffer in a thousand lives, least of all in one life. And she
of
all people deserves so much to be happy.

She is the most loyal, true, just, dependable, caring,

>intelligent, inspiring, devoted, passionate, beautiful
human
being that I could ever have imagined.

And I had the fortune and the pleasure not only to meet her

>briefly, but also to work with her and have her around me on
a
daily basis.

If she just wasn't in so much danger working with me, I could

>really be happy about that. But this way every time I think
of
how lucky I am that she's with me, I recognize that she'd
>be so much happier without me; so much healthier, so
much
freer.

She tells me that's not true, and that I'm not supposed to
>feel responsible for everything and so on. But I can't help
it. I
am responsible for most of the things that happened,
>and so I feel guilty about them.<p>

The first incident that comes to my mind is her abduction.
>God, what a nightmare! Three long months during which I
didn't
know what was happening to her, if she'd ever come
>back, or if she were already dead. I was a wreck. Till then
I
hadn't known how much I've come to depend on her, how much

>she has become a part of me.<p>

Then they returned her to let me see her die. If she had, I
>would have followed her - maybe not that night, maybe
not
intentionally. But, nevertheless, I probably wouldn't have

>made it through the change of the year.<p>

Luckily for us both, she lived through it.

But they had a plan b: 'If she pulls through give her

>cancer.'<p>

How considerate.

In that small hospital room where Scully told me about her

>disease, I almost lost it. She was shaken, I could see it in
her
eyes and I longed to somehow comfort her. The only way I
>knew to do that was to continue like before, so that she
wasn't
reminded - who am I kidding? - so I wasn't reminded
>of her illness.<p>

There were a few moments when I thought we'd break down our
>walls and let it out, talk about our feelings, our fears,
but
those moments passed and we ignored them. I, because I was

>terribly afraid of her reaction, of losing her like I lost
all
the other people that I loved. She, because she thought
>I'd believe she was weak - no chance with that though. She's
the

strongest, bravest, person I know. The way she fights my
>demons, my theories, my -our- enemies, makes me so proud I
could
burst.

Who else would have defeated cancer? No one but my precious

>Scully.<p>

And what happened then? Then They showed her a glimpse of the
>life she could have had, had she never known me: They showed
her
her daughter, Emily, just to take her away again, as if
>to say, 'this is your own fault, Agent Scully, you should
have
not messed with us.'

Emily was the last straw for me... I really don't know how
>Scully managed to keep calm. I thought, 'To hell with it,
why
shouldn't I comfort her, why shouldn't I be there for her,

>screw professionalism.'<p>

But Scully didn't let me. I admit, I know why. Really. I do.
>I never was able to be there for her before, I was too
absorbed
in aliens and consortium to really notice anything
>wrong with my partner. Or I was too chicken to show her how
much
I cared. And when I finally noticed that something was
>wrong, when I finally had decided to ignore my fears and face
our
feelings, it was usually too late. Scully had already
>hidden behind that 'Great Wall of Scully' and there was no
way
for me to get to her.

I do have to say that she's really good at this 'I'm fine'
>game. But she can't fool me, oh no, don't think that. She
just
has a way of saying those words so that you know they
>are meant threatening - 'Stop nagging, Mulder, or you'll
regret
it!'

And I usually bend to her wish. I leave her alone, even
>though I know I'll kick myself for it later on. For being
so
stupid, so unbelievable scared, and taking the easy way
out.

So here I am. Alone on my couch wondering about my partner
>and our relationship. To some extent I know her very well,
then
again, I fear I know almost nothing when feelings,
>personal stuff, are concerned. And why not? Because of
those
stupid walls between us!

I think it's time to get a ladder and overcome those useless

>barriers, tear them down, because I really don't want to go
on
like this. And Scully...

Scully? Scully will... I don't know what she thinks about
>that matter. Would she want to help me tear down those
walls?<p>

Thinking of our past, I think she just might agree to take a
>step forward with our relationship. I don't even have to
close my
eyes to see her in her living room with that nobody
>Eddie lying half over her, pretending to be me. I've

imagined
myself in that situation hundreds of times, how it would
have
>ended or rather not ended if it had been me...<p>

But I was talking about Scully. Yes, I do believe she's
>interested in, or at least not against, a pursuance of our
mutual
feelings for each other.

Now all I need to wait for is the perfect moment... Is there
>even something like a perfect moment? Maybe I should just
decide
I'm going to choose the least inconvenient moment,
>that sounds like a more reasonable decision.<p>

So, when I confront her there shouldn't be blood or pain or
>death involved, and I should not be under the influence of
drugs
- been there, got the t-shirt - otherwise she'd not
>believe me. I have to approach her when she knows it's my
own
decision, my own free will.

That is a pretty confining decision already, when do we talk
>about anything important without pain being involved? It
would
have to be between cases, maybe on a weekend or so...

Why not today?

Nah...

Why not? Now is as good as ever. I'd really like to go see
>her and talk about us. There's no time like the present.<p>

Should I bring anything with me?

A bottle of wine?

Nah, what do they always say, Mulder? Just be yourself.

I'll stop by that Chinese take-out place on my way.

Here goes nothing.

Scully's personal journal

Oh, the doorbell. Gotta get that.

----->

--next day--

Well, guess what, it was Mulder. And take another guess... He
>stayed overnight. NOT on the couch.<p>

He came over with a lot on his mind and a bag full of Chinese

>take-out. We talked a long time last night and he told me so
many
things about himself... and he saved the best for

>last...<p>-----

End of story

Sorry, it took us so long to finish the story, but we finally have it
>ready. Please tell us what you thought...<p>

Nessy &
Cirglas

SAVE THE BEST FOR LAST

VANESSA WILLIAMS

All of the nights you came to me,
>When some silly girl had set you free.
You wondered how you'd
make it through;
>I wondered what was wrong with you.<p>

'Cause how could you give your love to someone else
>And share your dreams with me.
Sometimes the very thing you're
looking for
>Is the one thing you can't see.<p>

But now we're standing face-to-face.
>Isn't this world a crazy place?
Just when I thought our chance
had passed,
>You go and save the best for last.<p>

Sometimes the very thing you're looking for
>Is the one thing you can't see.<p>

Sometimes the snow comes down in June;
>Sometimes the sun goes 'round the moon.
Just when I thought our
chance has passed,
>You go and save the best for last.<p>

You went and saved the best for last.

End
file.